

*Harry to Harry*, shall not Horse to Horse  
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe :  
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

*Ver.* There is more newes,  
I learned in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,  
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.

*Dawg.* That's the worſt tydings, that I heare of yet.

*Wor.* I by my fayth that beares a froſty ſound.

*Hot.* What may the Kings whole bartell reach vnto ?

*Ver.* To thirtie thouſand.

*Hot.* Fortie let it be.

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,

The powers of vs, may ſerue ſo great a day.

Come, let vs take a Muſter ſpeedily,

Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.

*Dawg.* Talke not of dying, I am out of feare  
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Falſtalffe and Bardol.*

*Fal.* *Bardol*, get thee before to *Conentry*, fill mee a bottle of  
Sacke, our Souldiers ſhall march through ; Weele to *Sutton-cop-*  
*hill* to night.

*Bar.* Will you giue me money Captaine ?

*Falſ.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bar.* This bottle makes an Angell.

*Falſ.* And it doe take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie,  
take them all, I'll anſwere the coynage ; bid my Lieutenant *Peto*  
meet me at Townes end.

*Bar.* I will Captaine : farewell.

*Exit.*

*Falſ.* If I be aſhamed of my Souldiers, I am a ſowſt Gurnet ; I  
haue miſuſed the Kings preſſe damnable. I haue got in exchange  
of 150. Souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I preſſe me none but  
good Houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted  
Batchelers, ſuch as had ben aſkt twice on the Banes ; ſuch a com-  
moditie of warme ſlaues, as had as leiuē heare the Diuell as a  
Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe then a  
ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke : I preſſe me none but ſuch  
Toſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins  
heaus, and they haue bought out their ſeruices : and now, my  
whole

whole charge conſiſtes of An  
Gentlemen of Companies, ſh  
painted Cloath where the Glu  
ſuch as iudeed were neuer Sou  
uingmen, yonger Sonnes to y  
and Oſtlers trade-falne, the Ca  
peace, times more diſhonour  
cient : and ſuch haue I to fill  
bought out their ſeruices, that  
hundred and fiftie rotted Pr  
keeping, from eating draffe an  
on the way, and tould mee I ha  
preſt the dead bodies. No ey  
He not march through *Conentry*  
the villaines march wide betwe  
on, for indeed, I had the moſt  
a Shirt and a halfe in all my co  
Napkins tackt togeather, and  
Hearlds coate without ſleeue  
ſtolne from mine Hoſt of S.  
of *Daintry* : but that's all one, t  
uery Hedge.

*Enter the Prince, and*

*Prin.* How now blowne Iac

*Fal.* What *Hal*? How now r  
in *Warwick ſhire*? My good L.  
thought your honour had alre

*Wefſ.* Fayth, *Sir Iohn*, 'tis n  
and you too; but my powers a  
tell you, lookes for vs all ; we r

*Fal.* Tut, neuer feare tell me  
Creame.

*Prin.* I thinke to ſteale Cre  
ready made thee butter : but  
theſe that come after?

*Fal.* Mine *Hal*, mine.

*Prin.* I did neuer ſee ſuch p

*Fal.* Tut, tut, good enough